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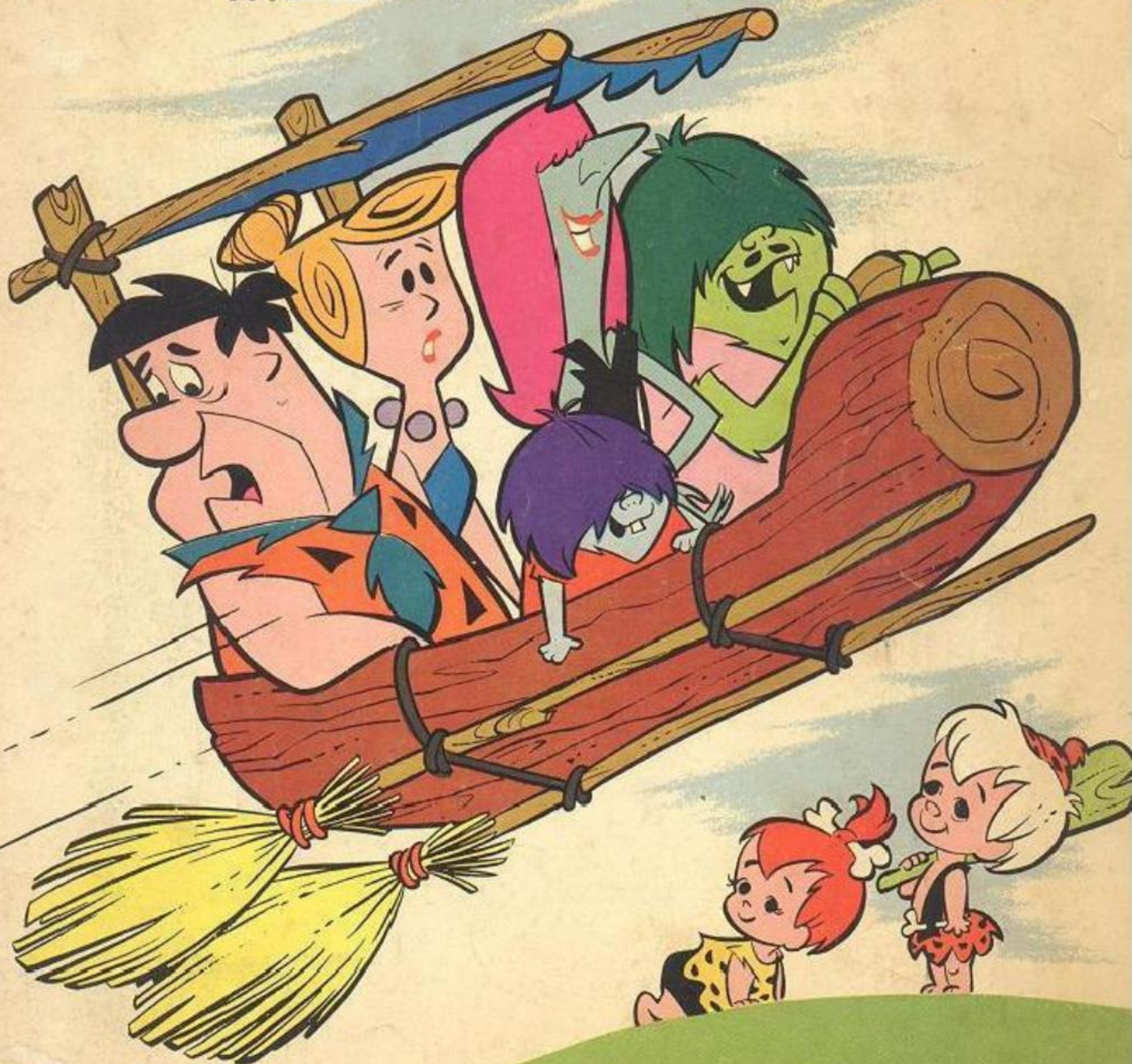
THE FLINTSTONES

HANNA-BARBERA

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THE FLINTSTONES

MEET THE GRUESOMES

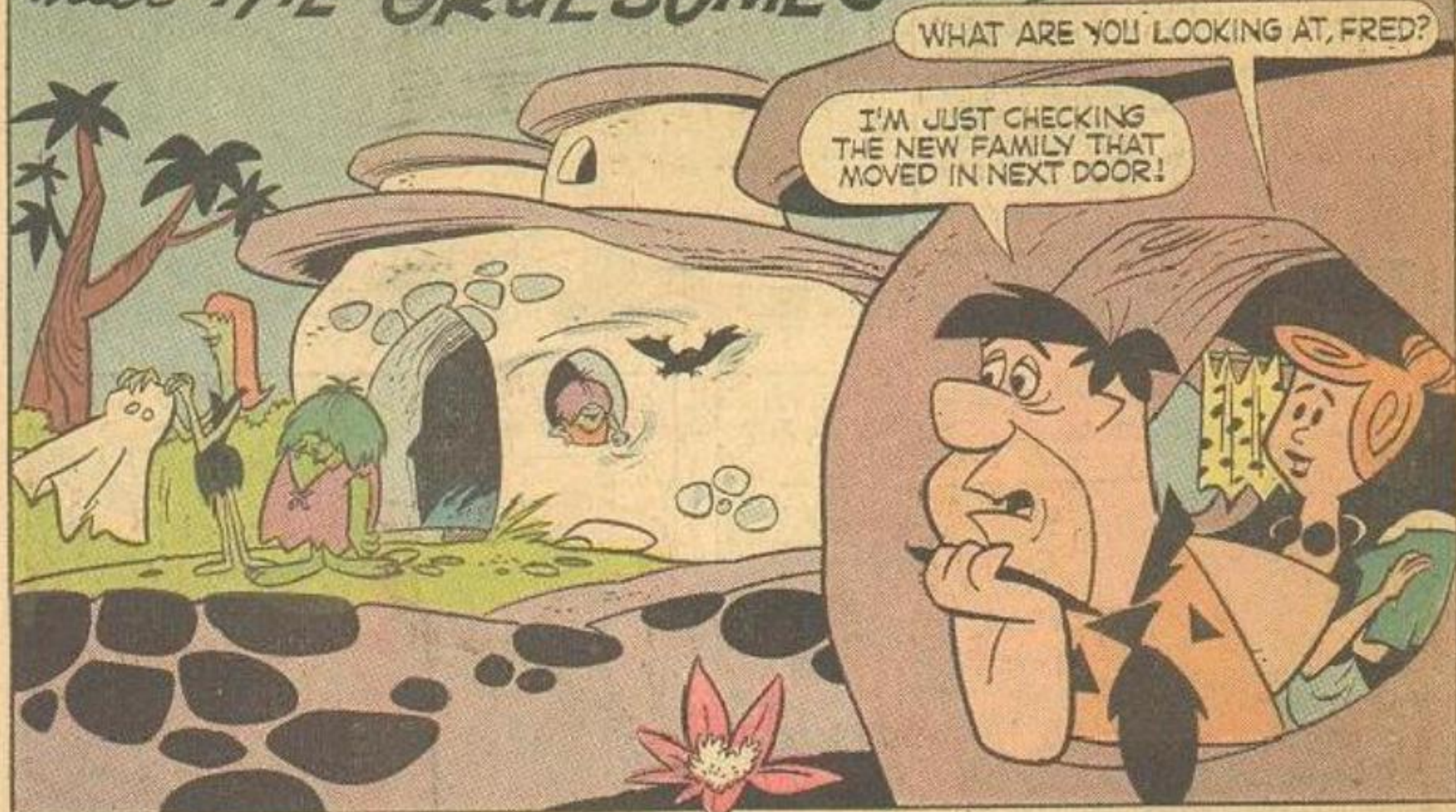


with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

meet THE GRUESOMES



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Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

A BUZZING BUSINESS







GATER...

IT'S ALL FINISHED, FRED, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF LITTLE BEES TO MAKE IT WORK!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *LITTLE* BEES? WE'RE GOING TO STOCK THIS HONEY FACTORY WITH THE *BIG* VARIETY!



Y-YOU DON'T MEAN THE *GIANT* ROCK BEES, DO YOU, FRED?

NONE OTHER! NOW GRAB THIS BUNCH OF POSIES—WE'RE GOING TO BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!



NOW WE'LL DOSE 'EM UP GOOD WITH THIS BEE ELIXIR AND BE ON OUR WAY!

WATCH IT, FRED...YOU'RE GETTING THAT STUFF ALL OVER *ME*!



GO ON, BARNEY! THE GIANT ROCK BEES ARE HOLED UP IN THAT CAVE UP THERE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, FRED!



HERE THEY COME—NOW LEAD 'EM INTO THE HONEY FACTORY!

WHOO-HOO-HOO!



THAT'S IT, BARNEY—TOSS IN THE FLOWERS AND WE'VE GOT 'EM TRAPPED!

I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, FRED!

BZZZZZ!



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE — YOU LET 'EM GET AWAY!

YEP, FRED! LOOKS LIKE WE JUST WENT OUT OF THE HONEY BUSINESS!



YOU AND YOUR STUPID INVENTIONS! I'VE WASTED A WHOLE DAY!

GEE, FRED, I'M SORRY!



SORRY, YOU SAY? WELL, GET THIS THROUGH THAT THICK HEAD — I'VE HELPED YOU WITH YOUR LAST INVENTION!

I WISH I COULD DEPEND ON THAT, FRED!



AND SO...

WELL, BARNEY, AT IT AGAIN, I SEE!

RIGHT, FRED, AND THIS TIME I THINK I'VE INVENTED SOMETHING THAT WILL REALLY WORK!



OH, YEAH? AND JUST WHAT IS IT SUPPOSED TO DO?

OH, I DON'T THINK YOU'D BE INTERESTED, FRED!



SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET YOUR OLD PAL IN ON THE SECRET, EH? SOME FRIEND!

GEE, FRED, IF YOU FEEL LIKE THAT, BE MY GUEST!



I'LL PRESS THE STARTER BUTTON AND YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Click!



Hanna-Barbera
**THE
FLINTSTONES**



A Flintstone Funny



THE UNGUARDED BODYGUARD



"This job sounds like one of the most important ones of my career!" mused Perry happily, arriving at the mansion of the Plentryrocks, richest people in town.

He rang the bell and then doublechecked his equipment. "Gun . . . flashlight . . . rope . . . handcuffs! They want me to guard their most precious possession. It's probably a family heirloom or some fabulous jewel, and I want to be ready for anything!"

Mrs. Plentryrocks opened the door.

"Morning, ma'am. I'm Perry Gunnite!" said Perry importantly. "I am here to guard your most precious possession!"

"Come right in!" said Mrs. Plentryrocks. "He's right behind you! Say hello to Mr. Gunnite, Junior!"

"Er — Junior?" said Perry, puzzled. Then he turned and got a face full of water from a toy pistol in the hands of a small boy.

"He likes you," gushed Mrs. Plentryrocks. "I know you two will get along just fine while we're gone for the weekend!"

Then it dawned on Perry. "But, Ma'am," he said, "I didn't know I was going to be a baby-sitter!"

"Baby-sitter!" sniffed Mrs. Plentryrocks. "I prefer the term *bodyguard*! After all, Junior is the wealthiest boy in Bedrock!"

"Yes, uh, *bodyguard*!" said Perry humbly.

After the Plentryrocks had gone, Perry asked Junior what he wanted to do. This was a dreadful mistake.

"Play horsey!" he shouted. "And you can be the horse!"

So Junior climbed on Perry's back and away they went — through the living room, the dining room, kitchen, ten bedrooms, the den, and back again.

"Faster! Faster!" shouted Junior as he whacked Perry to urge him on. At length he

tired of this and jumped off. Poor Perry groaned as he straightened up. "I've heard of riders who couldn't sit down after a hard day in the saddle, but I never thought the horse wouldn't be able to sit, either!"

Next came baseball, with Perry pitching. "How can I get hurt if I keep my eye on the ball?" he thought. But he didn't reckon with Junior, who swung and let go of the bat which put a new part in Perry's hair!

Perry then thought tennis might be safer, but changed his mind when Junior's racket put a dent in his nose.

Still being a good sport, Perry figured foolishly that nothing could go wrong with ping pong. However, he soon realized how wrong he was when he opened his mouth at the wrong time and a fast serve from Junior lodged the ball roundly in Perry's mouth!

Perry had always prided himself on being ready for any emergency that might arise, but now he realized how sadly unprepared he was for this one.

There was only one thing to do if he hoped to survive the weekend. He excused himself from Junior, saying he had to make a phone call. He'd forgotten to bring an extremely important piece of equipment.

"Make it fast!" said Junior. "We've got some football to play!"

Perry called a friend of his who worked at the Bedrock Museum, stressing that this was an emergency of the direst sort.

About ten tackles and forty bruises later, Perry welcomed his friend with the emergency equipment — a full suit of armor!

"Hey, what's that for?" Junior asked.

"Well, Junior," replied Perry, slipping on the armor with a sigh of relief, "I've learned one thing from all this — even a *bodyguard* needs a *body guard*!"

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

WHAT'S THIS?...
OUR HERO, ROCKY
RANGER, HAS JUST
PLUMMETED INTO
THE SEA ASTRIDE
HIS FAITHFUL
FLAPPOSaurus...

WHOA! WHOA!
WHAT'S GOTTEN
INTO YOU, FLAPPY?

SPLASH!

DUX!
GLOOB!



DUX!

QUACK!
QUACK!

OH, YOU WANT TO BE
LIKE **DUCKS**, EH? IMPOS-
SIBLE...YOU'RE 99 99/100%
TOO HEAVY TO FLOAT!



I'LL EVEN HAVE TO TOW
THE BIG SILLY TO SHORE!



NOW LET'S STRAIGHTEN
UP AND FLY RIGHT, OKAY?

SPUTTER!



SAY, YOU'RE TAKING
AN UNUSUALLY LONG
TAKE-OFF RUN...

CHKNZ!









Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES with **BAMM-BAMM** and **PEBBLES**
DELINQUENT DADDIES









NEXT DAY...

CHEER UP! OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! TAKE A LOOK AT A MARVELOUS MASTER-PIECE OF CONSTRUCTION, DEVELOPED BY MY **MASTER MIND...**

...THE FLINTSTONE **KANT-ESCAPE KIDDY KOOP!**

KWITE KLEVER, KAPTAIN! HOW DOES IT **WORK?**

FOLLOW ME WHILE I EXPLAIN! FIRST, THE KIDS STEP INSIDE, LIKE THIS...

YES, YES! GO ON!

THEN YOU SNAP THE LOCK SHUT LIKE THIS, AND I DEFY **ANYBODY** TO GET OUT! AND DO YOU KNOW **WHY?**

NO, **WHY?**

BECAUSE, THE **ONLY KEY** TO THIS LOCK IS IN **WILMA'S POCKETBOOK!**

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'VE GOT A BIG, LOUD MOUTH, FRED, OLD PAL!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU CAN **USE IT**, FRED, TO HOLLER FOR **HELP!**

I MEAN THAT, IN THIS MARVELOUS MASTERPIECE OF CONSTRUCTION... THE **FLINTSTONE KANT-ESCAPE KIDDY KOOP**... **WE ARE NOW LOCKED IN!**

So...

WILMA!!!

OH, DEAR! THAT'S FRED'S DISTRESS CRY! HE'S EITHER HIT HIS THUMB WITH A HAMMER, STUBBED HIS TOE, OR SOME SIMILAR ACCIDENT! FOLLOW ME WITH THE IODINE!









A Flintstone Funny

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FRED?

LOOKING OVER MY COLLECTION OF HEADGEAR!

A BIG *FIRE CHIEF* ONCE OWNED THIS!

THIS BELONGED TO A FAMOUS *ADMIRAL*!

AND THIS CROWN BELONGED TO A GREAT *KING*!

BUT, FRED... YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THIS 'HEADPIECE' THAT BELONGED TO *YOU*...

YEH?

IN *HIGH SCHOOL*! REMEMBER?

DUNCE

Hanna-Barbera
**THE
FLINTSTONES**

WHAT DO YOU MAKE
OF THESE TINY
TRACKS, FRED?

THIS IS A
GREAT
DISCOVERY,
BARNEY!



THESE ARE THE
TRACKS OF SOME
PREHISTORIC
BIRD!



A LITTLE FELLOW IN SIZE — PROBABLY
EXTINCT FOR A MILLION YEARS!



I WONDER WHAT
IT LOOKED LIKE?

